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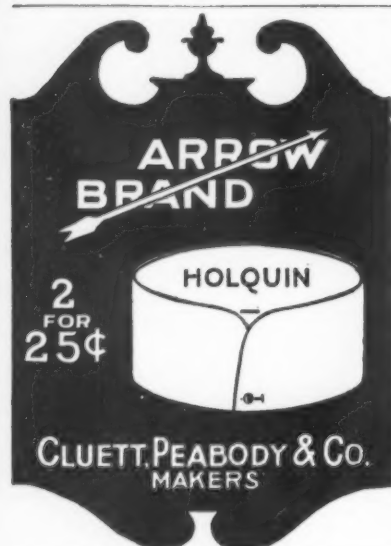


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Brandy.

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Full information, specimen pages, etchings, prices, etc., will be promptly furnished by the publishers.

GEORGE BARRIE & SON

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·LIFE·



HOLIDAY COSTUME FOR AMERICAN ADMIRAL AT HOME.



CARNEGIE HOOT MON PLAID FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

Song of the "Average American."



HO says the cruel war is done?
 He never fired a fiscal gun,
 Or bought a tariff stamp:
 He never fed the War Machine
 With sticky steaks of red and green,
 Eight thousand miles from camp.
 I feed it—durn it!—every day,
 And lick, and date, and paste away
 On lading, bill and cheque:
 And say, with every two-cent shot—
 "Some Filipino's gone to pot;
 He's got it in the neck!"
 And though my proxies antedate,
 My telegrams pay extra freight—
 But carry just as far:

The porter's eye is never lax
 And someone pays the Wagner tax—
 For Mars is in the car.
 So, everything we buy has riz:
 For "war is Hell," but biz. is biz.—
 And neither seems to cease.
 Why can't they call the war-dogs off?
 And let us cough an untaxed cough,
 And smoke an untaxed Peace?
 We envy those heroic men
 Who only have to tax the pen,
 With tales of "army beans"—
 For they could lick the Spanish scamps
 While we may only lick the stamps,
 And read the magazines. R. C. G.

Dubious Generosity.

MRS. HENPECK: It cost a great deal to keep me in the country all summer.

HENPECK: Yes, my dear, but you know I never begrudged the money.

A SOLDIER'S monument, with the Goddess of Liberty on the top.
 Two small boys gazing up at it with admiration.

JOHNIE (very solemnly): Is that God up there?

WILLIE (full of patriotism): No—that's Dewey's mother.

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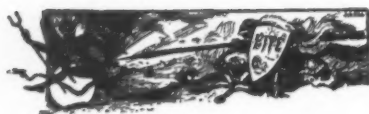
Edition

etchings,

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SON

DELPHIA



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER 9, 1900. No. 885.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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THE distribution of the estate of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has drawn so heavily on the time and attention of the general public that it has been hard to keep fully up with all the other goings-on in the world. If the job has been successfully accomplished it is a credit to us all, for we have all worked hard over it, and have been free with our conjectures and later with our comments and advice. If we finally succeed in getting all the young heirs in possession of their several inheritances as provided by the testator and subsequently modified by the heirs and the lawyers and us, without a quarrel, we shall be very much gratified and not a little proud. Wills are dangerous things, and so many of them are warped in the making and cause unnecessary trouble that it is a wonder we continue to give testators so much latitude in distributing their effects. French law, which it is our pleasure just now to scoff at pretty freely, limits testamentary privileges much more straitly than our law, and directs that a certain proportion of every man's property shall go at his death where, in the opinion of the law, it will do the most good. We may yet learn something from the French if France outlives militarism and we outlive expansion.



THEY are telling us now that the war in the Transvaal was an irrepressible conflict that had to come, and that it is of no particular consequence whose immediate fault it was that the negotiations for a peaceful settlement fell through. A candid British nobleman named Selborne has been saying in the House of Lords that it is simply a conflict of ideals, both honorable, but incompatible, and that two peoples who ought to be friends are fighting, because neither is satisfied with the other's way of doing things. No doubt that is the gist of it. It should be a warning to us all when we take to the woods and ask only to be let alone, not to camp out over a gold mine.

The war in the Transvaal is a man's war. We watch its progress with deep interest. It is hard for an American to take sides very positively, for whatever his head decides, his heart beats double. We are proud of our Dutch as well as of our English in this country, and especially in this State. We sympathize with the Boers because they got the country first and are defending their own. We sympathize with the British because we believe they stand for progress and a better government than the Boers have yet provided. The ethics of such fights as this in South Africa and ours in the Philippines are far from simple. What are we to go by? There is the Golden Rule, but the same scripture that proclaims it tells us that to him who hath shall be given. There is another rule, not golden, nor very highly esteemed of moralists, which, nevertheless, seems not to be losing any of its authority in this world. If our British brethren are confident that Destiny is on their side it is doubtless—

because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

It is to that that they have appealed in South Africa, and evidently the Boers understand it. British success may be for the interest of civilization. It is certainly for the interest of gold-mining and will make for the enrichment of the already affluent. However we feel about it, we are bound to honor the spirit of

stubborn men, who are willing to die for their independence. When the newspapers say the Boers are putting up a great fight we want to read all about it to the last line, and yet we can't but sigh when we read the lists of British dead.



IT is a satisfaction to know that the Philippine Commission, of which Admiral Dewey is a member, has been sitting for ten days in Washington. Here's hoping that it may hatch out something that will do it credit and ease our minds. We believe that the Admiral could have handled the Filipinos at the start to our satisfaction and theirs. We still hope for great good from his presence in Washington, though handling the milk while it is still in the jug is a different matter from picking it up when once it has been spilt.

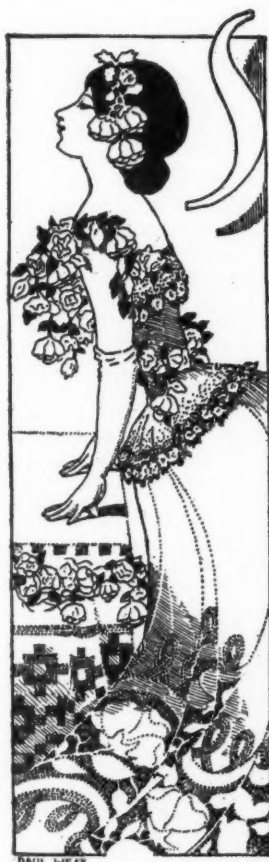


KEEP an eye on Kentucky. The political campaign there has been the liveliest in the country. The Goebel men mean to steal the State if they cannot win it otherwise, and a great many very good Kentuckians insist that it shall not be stolen. Perhaps the fight will be fought out before election day; perhaps the hottest part of it will come after. Goebel appears to be absolutely unscrupulous and very bold. He and his gang control the counting of the votes and intend to count according to the necessities of the case.



AT football Columbia beats Yale, Cornell beats Princeton, and Chicago ties Pennsylvania. How are the mighty fallen! The younger universities are getting firm and fleet upon their pins, and the transplanted Columbia shows the virtue of the new soil.

All these important games were played through without slugging or bad temper, or serious disputes. Football is clean this year. Keep it so!



Special Sale.

MEET CLORINDA, fresh and fair,
 Stood behind the flowered rail,
 Mistress of the counter where
 Goods most precious were on sale.
 Sofa cushions? Tidies? No;
 Nothing by her fingers made—
 Rarer, dearer, choicer, Oh—
 Kisses were her stock-in-trade!

Ah! the sample was so sweet
 Which I purchased at her store,
 That I thought I would repeat—
 Maybe half-a-dozen more.
 So said I, becoming bold,
 "I'll a proposition make.
 Here's my wallet filled with gold,
 Let me all your kisses take."

Then my purse I handed out
 Trusting she would deem it fair;
 But she seemed a bit in doubt.
 "No, kind sir, you've had your share,
 For, you see, the goods I sell—"
 Here she paused and dropped her
 eyes—

"Are dispensed, I fain must tell,
 At a dreadful sacrifice!

"And my stock is small, indeed—
 Now I scarce have left a score—
 So a rule I'm forced to heed,
 (As in a department store
 When they have a 'special run').
 'Tis a fair rule, I aver—
 Of my kisses only one
 To each, single customer!"

Paul West.

To Fight or Not to Fight.

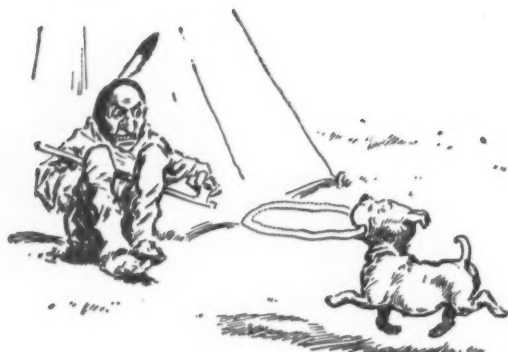
GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT talked to the Assembly of Mothers that met at Albany the other day, and of course he told them that they ought to let their boys fight. That makes us laugh, but it is only just to the Governor to say that his advice, as reported, was, on the whole, fairly sound. To be sure, he made some mistakes. "If any of you has a boy," said he, "who will not on good provocation fight, that boy is not worth his salt." That is not necessarily true. A boy may have good provocation and a strong inclination to fight, and yet may think it expedient to restrain himself. Mothers who have pugnacious boys ought to bear with them, for they may make first-rate men. But mothers whose boys are peaceably disposed need not despair nor goad them

on to needless conflicts. For some boys are by nature sweet tempered and slow to anger, and will let opportunities for combat slip by them sometimes in spite of the best mothers in the world. Don't drown such lads. Raise them on speculation. They are quite likely to make pleasant folks, and now and then, the conditions being favorable, they turn you out a hero. A good many little boys are timid. Don't drown even these, for most of them outgrow it. What is not common is aggressive righteousness. That is scarce and valuable. If your boy, madam, has that, don't worry about his fights. No doubt he needs frequent licking; but anyhow, if he is ever to learn to regulate evil-doers, he must get his hands in betimes.

Not Unexpected.

O'RAFFERTY: 'Twas a sad blow thot befell
 Cassidy. Did ye not hear?
 McGINNISS: Sorra th' word av ut.
 "Sure, he's dead. Sthruck be lightnin', he was "
 "O! my! O! my! But I'm not surprised. Faith,
 he had a sickly look the lasht toime I seen him."





BOOKSHININESS

A Revolutionary Heroine and Five Uncomfortable Lovers.

THERE is a great deal to be learned about the American Revolution from "Janice Meredith" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), but very little about the heroine, *Janice*. The author, Paul Leicester Ford, is a skillful historian, who knows the period thoroughly from original sources. His descriptions of the New Jersey campaign, which culminated in the battle of Princeton, may be accepted as accurate. Moreover, his account of the life of the people—landowners, tenants, and villagers—is a revelation of the times which is more real than in any recent Revolutionary novel. This effect is produced by the skillful use of a lot of little details which could only be acquired by a close student of the period.

The glimpses given of General Washington, Lee, André and other historical personages are not the heroic imaginings of a novelist, but careful portraits by a student of history. Of course this does not apply to the dialogue. General

Washington's ponderous compliments to *Janice* are not, we believe, a matter for historical proof.

EVERYBODY in the story is in love with *Janice* except her own parents, who treat her atrociously. Never was a colorless maid more beset with wooers. There is little in what she says or does to account for this popularity. But then she had a very pretty face, and her father owned twenty thousand acres of good Jersey land.

Most of her lovers are a bad lot. Three of them either want to bully her into marriage or buy her outright from her father. There are two good ones, however, and one of them dies. But the real hero, who is left to win her in the end, is a fine fellow. Mr. Ford's portrait of *Brereton* is a consistent and skillful creation. He dominates the story, and is well differentiated from the usual hero of historical romance. He has dash, resource, and fidelity—without bluster.

Why he should go to so much trouble to win *Janice* is hard to explain—unless pretty faces were scarce in those days in New Jersey. *Janice* is a rather silly and obstinate girl, who calls her father "dadda" and her mother "mommy." She half promises to marry three men in the course of the story, and only decides which one she really loves when General Washington takes a hand in the game.

THERE is a very modest kind of verse which has a better chance of living long than the ambitious kinds which call themselves poetry. Sometimes it is called "nonsense" verse—but that does not exactly cover it. There are three pre-eminent examples of it—Calverley's "Fly Leaves," Stephen's "Lapsus Calami," and Gilbert's "Bub Ballads." It takes wit, ingenuity and undoubted cleverness to produce it—and when it's done it seems as though it were very easy, and grew that way.

It isn't flattery to put Oliver Herford's verses on the shelf with the other three. He won a place there with "Artful Anticks" and "The Bashful Earthquake," and he has made the place more secure with "A Child's

Primer of Natural History" (Scribner's). The wit in these pieces is neat and delightful, and grotesque. The conceits are copied from no model, and the drawings are as funny as the ideas. There isn't any competition in this field, and when a man fills it well all by himself, people ought to say so.

Droch.

The Beginning

ONCE a cherub ran away,
Wandered from the flock astray,
While they romped in meadow skies
Like a lot of butterflies;
Long they sought him everywhere,
Under clouds and in the air,
Where the laughing cherubs peek
When they play at hide-and-seek;
All in vain, for not a trace
Found they of his chubby face,
Till a letter came one day
From the earth so far away,
Written with starlet dipped in dew,
Penned upon a cloudlet blue,
And the truant cherub wrote
In a most ungracious note
That he'd found the world so fair,
He'd become a baby there!
Now, when cherubs disappear,
All the others fluttering near
Whisper of the fatal day
When the first one ran away.

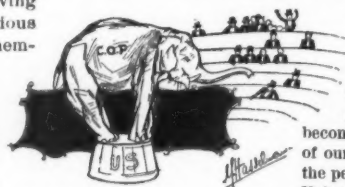
Kate Masterson.

GREAT AUTHOR: That really is the most senseless story I ever wrote.

HIS WIFE: Are you going to sign your name to it?

"Why, if I didn't they wouldn't take it."

The Cause of the People.



WE are not a military people. We love peace, we love the pursuits of peace; we love its occupations; we are not a military government, and never will become one; it is against the genius of our institutions and the spirit of the people. The government of the United States rests in the hearts and consciences of the people. It is their government. It represents them. It is the agent of their will, and while we are not a military government or a military people, we never lack for soldiers in any cause which the people espouse.

Wm. McKinley's speech at Hoopston, Ill.

Hurrah!

There is probably not a man, woman or child in the whole country that doesn't feel a crying need for the Philippines.

Or else our President is sadly mistaken in his statements.



WHY OUR COUSIN BULL IS NOT ENJOYING THIS FIGHT.

Professor Tolbert Discovers Something.

WE learn from the London Zoophilist that one "Professor Tolbert of Chicago desires to know how the brain works and how it affects the muscles, and he has hit upon the plan of boring holes through a dog's skull and fixing ivory plugs in the holes, to which are to be attached

electrode knobs resting on the surface of the dog's brain. As the professor then plays on his knobs he can watch the effects on the various parts of the poor animal's brain and muscles."

Why doesn't the playful Tolbert get a piano and have done with it? Or is the dog cheaper? Not only cheaper, probably, but a heap more fun, as the agony of the dog is real, while that of the piano is only mechanical. And the vivisector who does not inhale real agony—of others—and plenty of it is not of the inner brotherhood.

The Censor.

NEWSPAPER MAN: I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot!

CENSOR: I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.

Hard.

COBBLE: You seem to feel it very much to think that she jilted you.

STONE: I do. It will now take me years to get out of debt.

Important Golf News.

AMONG the "sportiest" links that we have seen are those of the Hoot-awa' Golf Club. The fourth hole (called Pilgrim's Progress) is particularly rich in natural sporty hazards. Directly in front of the tee and some fifty yards away stands the residence of Mr. Michael O'Hoolihan; some thirty yards further is the high embankment of the railroad, the intermediate space being occupied as a hen preserve and horse

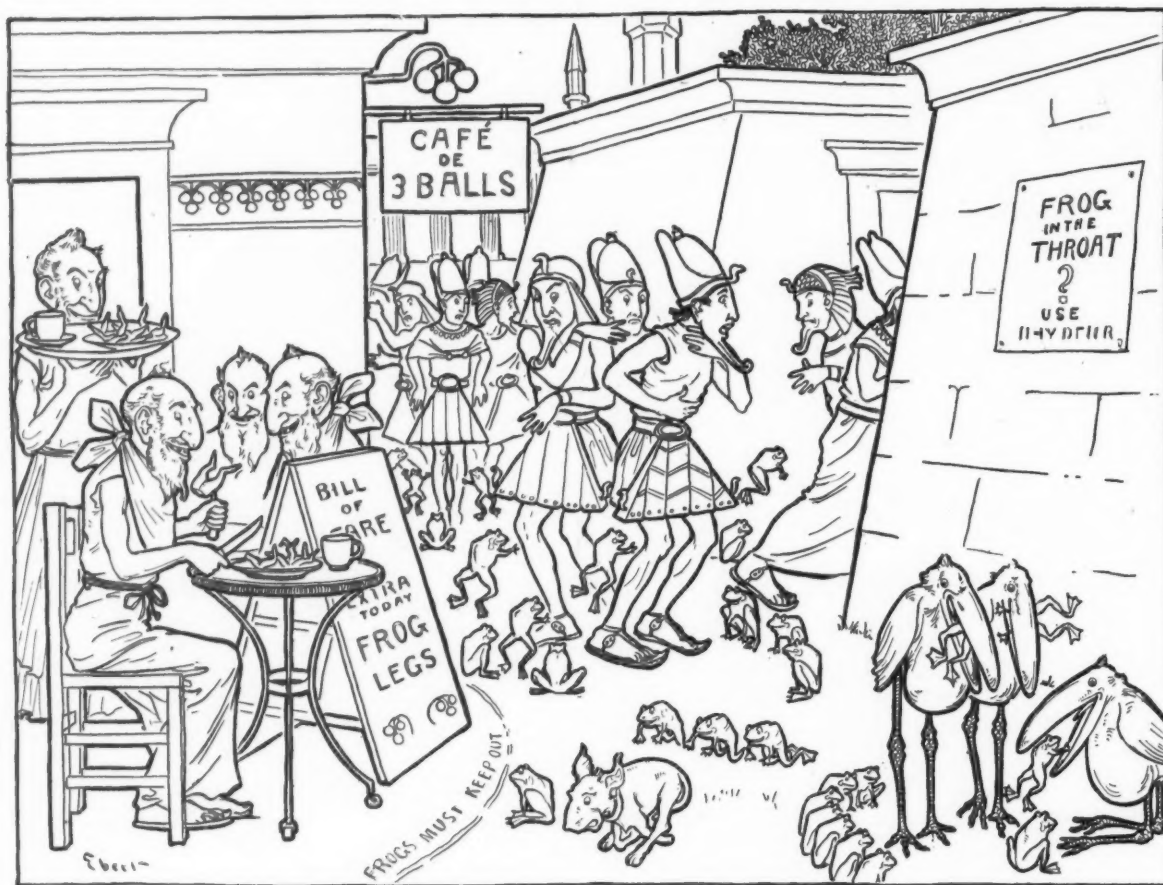
of all visiting players. The secret of the growth has at last been divulged. It seems that Mr. Philip Putter, one of the club's most enthusiastic members, spent a week last fall on the St. Andrews links in bonnie Scotland, and the seeds of the heather finding lodgment under the shelter of the hobnails of his golf shoes were spread broadcast over the home links when he returned. A standing offer of twenty-five dollars per pair is now made for any old

that one member of the foursome was a visitor who had been on the course before within thirty days.

The Vital Point.

JAGGLES: What do you think of this discussion as to doctors intentionally killing off incurable patients?

WAGGLES: I don't think it is nearly so important as their unintentionally killing off curable ones.



THE PLAGUE OF FROGS.

pond. On the south side of the railroad track are situated the extensive conservatories of Orchid Hybrid & Co., and one hundred and twenty-five yards beyond, across a little silvery stream and just this side of a granite quarry, lies the green. Both sides are thickly wooded, but a nice drive of two hundred and twenty-five yards, if high, will surmount these difficulties.

The fine growth of Scotch heather on the links of the Billy-cock Golf Club is the envy

pair of shoes that have been worn over Scotch links.

A nice question was raised at the Wessex County Club the other day. A ladies' threesome, with one set of clubs and no caddies, was on the fifth green, and after waiting the regulation twenty minutes for them to putt out, a member of a mixed foursome—fully equipped—drove on to the green. After a long discussion of the right of the foursome to pass, the Green Committee decided in favor of the threesome, as it transpired

THERE is in the extreme southern end of the South American Continent a race of intellectually impoverished human beings. They are the Patagonians, and they need civilizing.

Why doesn't some great nation attempt to civilize them? Well, for one reason, there's no money in it.

Still, this may not be the real reason. Nations are currently supposed to be actuated by higher motives than this.



"I SAW YOU KISSING MY DAUGHTER. I DON'T LIKE IT, SIR."
"THEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOOD, SIR."

Comparisons.

"OUR wedding trip is all too short,"
She said, with muffled sigh.
"Well, maybe so," he groaned, "but it's
Not half so short as I."

From the New York "Times."

The town was very gay yesterday, and there were quite a number of parties lunching at the fashionable restaurants. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, in a becoming gown of gray, was shopping in the afternoon, stopping at several of the jewelers. Mrs. Duncan Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, Mr. Creighton Webb, Mrs. George Crocker, and the Misses Rutherford and Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Jr., were on the avenue during the day.

THIS is the dignity of journalism.
And the New York Times is the

paper that flaunts the boast of "All the news that's fit to print." Is this news fit to print? Could anything be more sycophantic, more trivial, or less fit to print? If Mrs. John Jacob Astor chooses to visit ten thousand jewelers, let her do it, and in peace. She can afford it. And none of us cares.

The mention of the other names as being on the avenue merely inclines the reader to a sense of nausea. For these men and women are of no serious importance. They signify nothing in art or literature, science, politics or sport. They are merely names, and names

already too familiar. For the best of names, when the early bloom is once printed off, run a fearful risk of becoming ridiculous by overuse.

THE idea of reciprocity between England and the United States is evidently firmly believed in by the English paper *Tit-Bits*, conducted by Geo. Newnes.

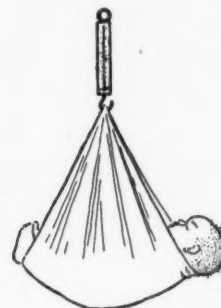
Every issue of this paper contains one or more jokes stolen bodily from *LIFE* without any credit.

This has been going on for years, and we merely mention the matter now because of the growing frequency with which some American papers copy and credit to *Tit-Bits* material which originally appeared in *LIFE* and other journals.

Our American contemporaries should take heed unto themselves.

"HERE'S a statement that says Mayor Van Wyck feels that he is unequal to his job."

"I had no idea that he was so much on the side of the people."



SOME ARE BORN GREAT;



SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS;



AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM.



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FINANCIAL PRE

THIS NOBLEMAN CANNOT RECALL WHICH HEIR



FINANCIAL PREDICAMENT.

RECALL WHICH BUSINESS ACCEPTED HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE.



The Return of the Knight.

THE splendid welcome given to Sir Henry Irving on his return to New York is but a just recognition of his great services to stage art in this country as well as in all countries where the impulse he gave to excellence of presentation is felt at all. That the performances by his organization create less sensation than they did on his earlier trips is in itself a testimony to the service he has rendered. It is not that they have abated one particle in thoroughness or perfection, but that our own organizations have been compelled by him to try to approximate his standard. But with all the energy and capital expended in America in this effort there still remains about the presentations given under the direction of Sir Henry Irving an artistic distinction which entitles him to his unique position at the head of his calling and to the hearty tribute paid to him on his return to this country.

WHAT the stage would have done recently without that brief period of French history stretching from 1789 to the battle of Waterloo—practically only twenty-five years—it is difficult to imagine. Without the Terror and Napoleon we should certainly have run short of historical material for our actors, playwrights and managers. Sardou's love for the epoch has much to do with the revival of its characters, and in "Robespierre" he has created not one of his best plays, but one of the most accurate of the recent and current dramatic epitomes of that time. His character of *Robespierre* is faithful to the one handed down by history, and he has had to distort him not at all to fit him for stage needs. The story he weaves about him is not a strong one, and in becoming the historian M. Sardou has lost power as the dramatist. "Thermidor" was an incomparably better play, but "Robespierre" gives ample opportunity for the effects in which the Lyceum organization excels. It furnishes one of the best possible opportunities for a comparison which will demonstrate the excellence of Sir Henry's methods and achievements. In "The Only Way" the same prison scene under the Terror is shown as that portrayed in "Robespierre." The former turns the

sufferings of the condemned nobles awaiting execution into buffoonery; the latter brings home the refinement of the victims and their brave agony so that they are people of flesh and blood like ourselves and their suffering is a real and horrible thing.

Of Sir Henry Irving's *Robespierre* it is to be said that he faithfully carries on his author's mental re-creation of a historical character into the living, breathing being. It is too late to quarrel with his mannerisms and we must project ourselves beyond them. Doing this we recognize that the apparent inconsistencies in his acts are those of *Robespierre* himself, in whom were united little virtue and the most opposing vices. He had a soft side to his nature as well as the cruel one, he was brave in some ways as he was a coward in others—like most tyrants. The scene with the ghosts of his imagination, his defiance of the Convention, his vain show at the Feast of the Supreme Being, as well as the domestic qualities shown at the home of *Duplay* are all necessary to what is really a careful depiction of character rather than the telling of a story.

To Miss Terry as *Clarisse de Malugon* is accorded not much opportunity for the display of power and absolutely none for the use of the gayer vein in which her abilities are at their best. In the difficult scene where she and *Robespierre* are looking through the window in dread that each of the prison tumbrils may contain their love-son sent to his death, she ran the whole gamut of maternal agony expressed and repressed.

The acting of the company, it goes without saying, showed the uniform excellence that we expect under Sir Henry's direction, from the highest to the lowest member. We have improved so much in our own scenic settings that those of "Robespierre" were not unusually impressive, although they were perfect backgrounds.

"Robespierre," in its entirety, is not among the greatest of Sir Henry's accomplishments, but it adds one more to the complete realizations for which lovers of the theatre owe gratitude to him and his genius.

IT is a far bark from Sir Henry to Miss May Irwin, but they may be alternated with advantage to both and to the spectator. Each has an individual province, and the intellectual delights of the one may profitably be offset by the irresistible mirthfulness of

the other. "Sister Mary" is the latest of Miss Irwin's vehicles for laughter, and it carries a full load. This has no reference to her avoirdupois, to which she frequently and humorously alludes without the slightest regard for her own feelings. Even a rank prohibitionist cannot fail to laugh at and feel instinctively the truth to nature of a quiet and most artistic picture Miss Irwin draws of a woman going through the various stages of frumentous exhilaration, otherwise called variously a tide or jag. "Sister Mary" is an excellent antidote for depression.

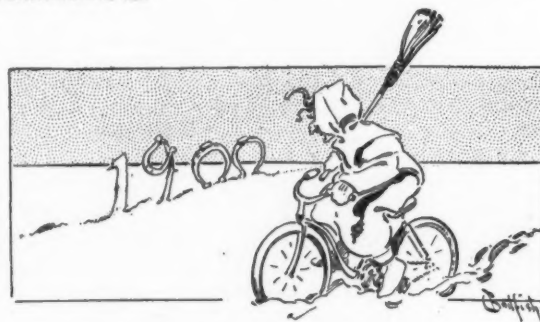


TREMENDOUS waste of money and accessory effort is shown in the elaborate settings of "The Song of the Sword" at Daly's, and "More than Queen" at the Broadway. The dramatic timber in these two pieces is hardly worth the lavish decoration it receives.

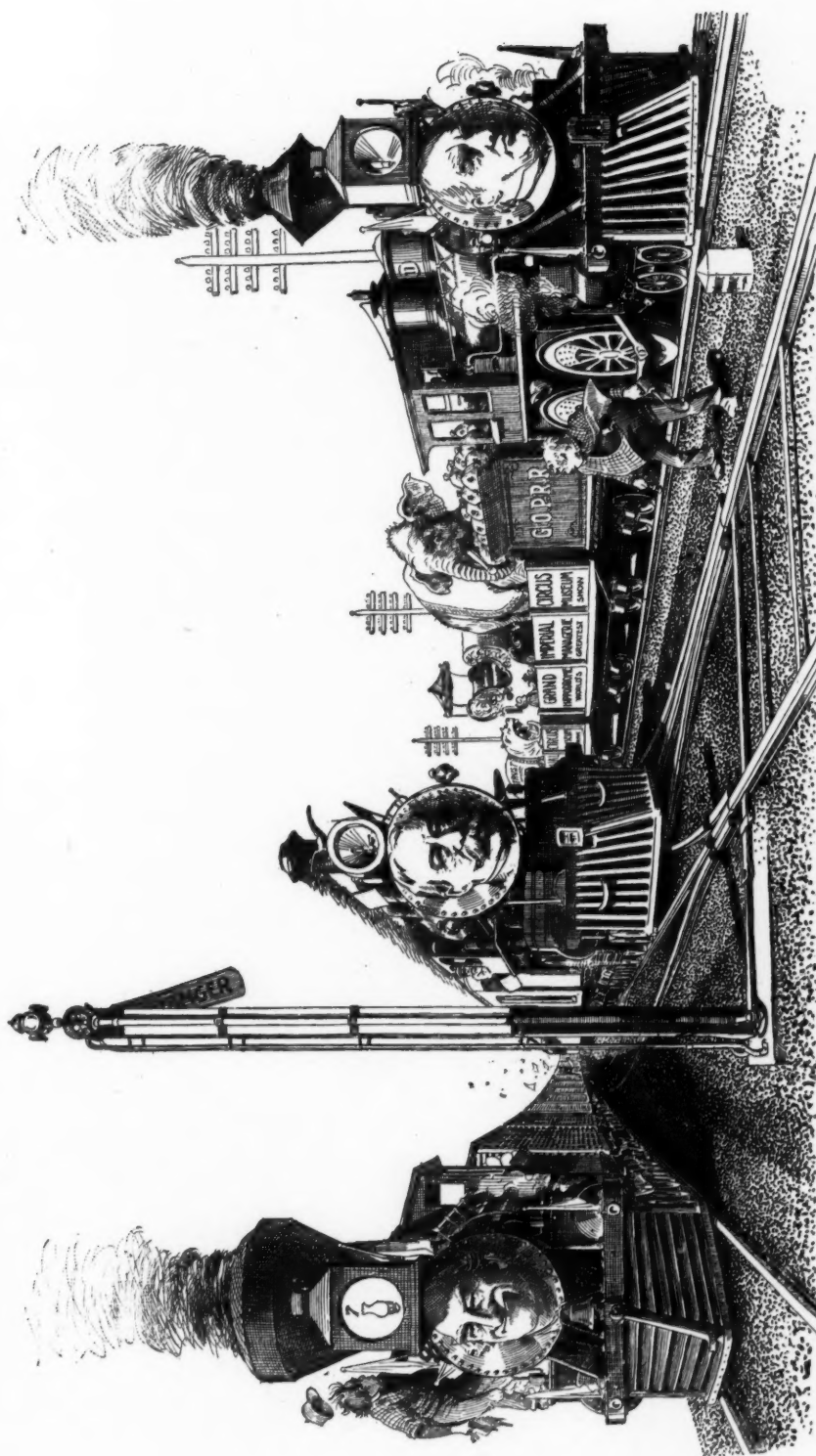
Miss Arthur's production of Bergerat's "Plus que Reine" is especially gorgeous in scenery and costuming. The tableau of the coronation of the Empress Josephine, suggested by the picture of the event painted by David, is stunning in its profusion of color and its grouping of brilliantly costumed historical characters. Miss Arthur, in looks and bearing, flatters the portraits of Napoleon's first Empress but otherwise the part is without distinction.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned have in "The Song of the Sword" a play which empties the whole bag of melodramatic tricks. It is not a good play for them nor for the people who patronize Mr. Sothern and Daly's Theatre, because its devices belong back in the palmy days of the Bowery Theatre, and from the other combination we expect something that appeals to a little higher sense.

Such misdirection of intelligent effort and heavy investment seems to indicate a lack of judgment somewhere. Metcalfe.



THE END OF THE CENTURY.



Stock Train No. 7 and Circus Train No. 11 will side-track for Dewey Special, which has right of way over all trains.
SPECIAL ORDER No. 598,645,731,246
UNCLE SAMUEL, Yard Master.

About McKinley.

ABOU McKinley (may his reign surcease!)
Awoke from a nightmare of ænemic peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of fate.
Abou McKinley, curious, could not wait.
"What writest thou?" The angel smote his chest:
"The names of those who serve their country best."
Abou smiled long. "Mine can't be there," said he.
"Write me as one who serves the G. O. P."

The angel wrote and flew away. Next night
He came again with a great awakening light,
And sure enough, his host had stood the test;
For lo! Abou McKinley's name led all the rest.

None More So.

"IT beats the deuce, Ikenstein,
how you Jews manage to beat us Christians."
"Dot's nothing. Anybody kin do a Christian. But ut takes a smart Hebrew to do anudder Hebrew. Und der smartest man of all is der Hebrew what kin do his own brudder."

Railroad Grammar.

"What was the next station?"
"You mean what is the next station."
"No. What was is, isn't it?"
"That doesn't make any difference. Is is was, but was is not necessarily is."
"Look here; what was, is, and what is, is. Is was is or is is was."
"Nonsense. Was may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was. If was is, was is was, isn't it? But if is is was then—"
"Listen. Is is, was was, and is was and was is; therefore is was is and was is was, and if was was is, is is is, and was was was and is is was."
"Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already."

On the Back of Her Picture.

LEAVE this side bare—
Yet call it rich
In form and line and hue:
No other splendors
Need be here,
Than those that wander
through.

Rob't C. Gilmore.

Class in Imperialism.

QUESTION: What is the whole duty of men and nations ?

ANSWER: To mind their own business.

"Have men and nations ever done this?"

"There is not an instance in recorded history."

"Give an example of a people not minding their own business."

"The Americans in the Philippines."

"But they say the Filipinos are not capable of self government."

"That is *their* business."

"Is Spain a wise nation?"

"The wisest in the world."

"Is Aguinaldo a polygamist?"

"No; we would not permit him to be, even should he acknowledge his allegiance to the United States."

"Would we permit him to hold slaves?"

"No; slavery is legally and morally wrong."

"Is the Sultan of Sulu a polygamist?"

"He is; and a slaveholder."

"Do we permit that?"

"Oh, yes; and we give him six thousand dollars a year to support his twelve wives."

"Explain to the class this contradiction."

"It cannot be explained. It can only be said that in the practical details of mind-ing other people's business all the canons of morality, together with all the max-ims of political economy, are reversed."

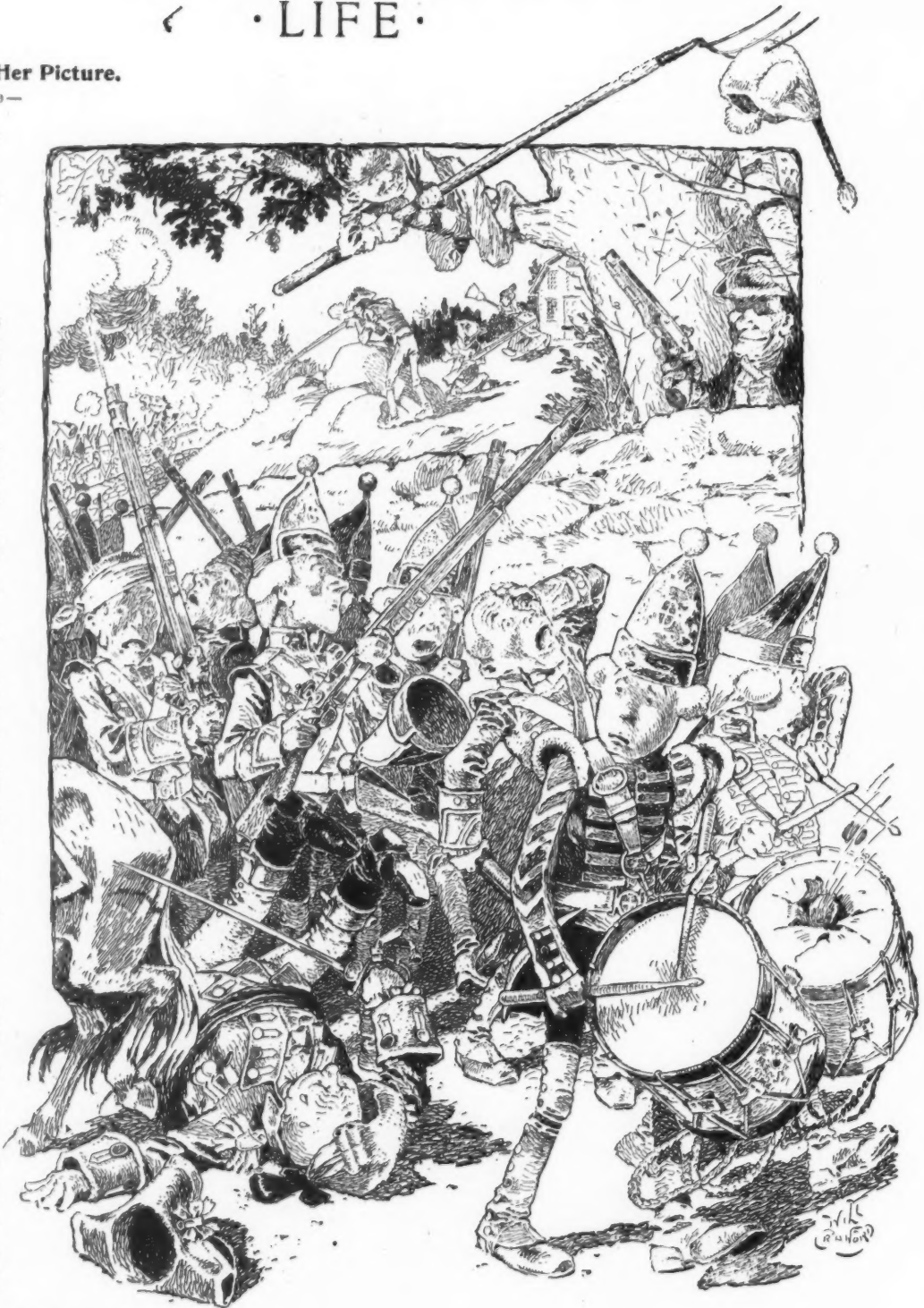
“Is the departure from the strict habits of minding your own business expensive?”

"Very; it may be said that nine-tenths of the poverty of the world are due to this cause."

“What is this policy sometimes called?”

"Benevolent assimilation."

Joseph Dana Miller.



HISTORICAL BITS.

IX.

FROM CONCORD TO LEXINGTON.



LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.
PAUL KRUGER AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Boer and Briton.

MR. SWINBURNE, who lately heaved his lyre at the heads of the Boers to rather formidable purpose, speaks of their Foul tongues that blacken God's dishonored name
With praise turned curses and with praise found shame.

No doubt he does their piety scant justice, though by all accounts it is a queer, out-of-date form of piety. The Boers are spoken of as "Old Testament Christians," which is almost a contradiction in terms. We know what it means, however. The old-time Scotch Covenanters were of that breed,

with differences. It is a breed somewhat lacking in amenities, but with a considerable ability to take care of itself and a remarkable capacity to endure punishment.

The Boers have suffered from a lack of neighbors, and they are disparaged by their critics as lazy and degenerate. It is going to be interesting to notice just how degenerate they are. If they are too much behind the times, they won't be able to put up a hard fight. If they do put up a hard fight, it will be fair to argue that they are less degenerate than has been averred. War is undeniably interesting, especially

when some other chaps pay the bills and sustain the incidental wear and tear of conscience. It is a good deal less distressing, of course, to see civilization go forward on some other fellow's powder cart than on one's own.

American sympathy is strong for the Boers, yet if the English sustain a very serious setback, look out for signs of deep concern in this country. There are some millions of Americans who have not learned yet not to start when a cry of pain becomes articulate in Anglo-Saxon.

Proved!

FRAU HINGSTERMEIER, the wife of Herr Hingstermeier, the lion-tamer, was what may be termed—to put it mildly—a virago, and held Hingstermeier in absolute subjection.

The lion-tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better-half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters.

The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little jollification and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return.

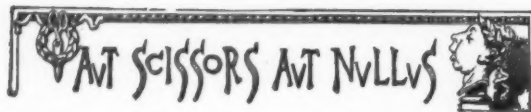
"Where did you sleep?" she demanded.

"In the cage with the lions," he replied, meekly.

"Coward!" hissed Mrs. Hingstermeier, with a look as of one robbed of her just duc.



HANS WANTED.



SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY: BOSTON.

Plain Talk in Song and Parable. By Ernest Crosby.
Differences. By Herney White.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.

HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.
A Confident To-Morrow. By Brander Matthews. Illustrated by William L. Jacobs.
Jane Eyre. By Charlotte Bronte.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.
The Ship of Stars. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Fisherman's Luck. By Henry Van Dyke.

FORDS, HOWARD AND HURLBUT: NEW YORK.
Dorsey, the Young Inventor. By Edward S. Ellis, A. M.
A Maid of the First Century. By Lucy Foster Madison. Illustrated by Ida Waugh.
Philosophic Nuggets. Gathered by Jeanne C. Pennington.

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.
The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria. By Francis Gerard.
Robespierre. By Auge Galdemar.

DANA, ESTES AND COMPANY: BOSTON.
Chatterbox for 1899.
Peggy. By Laura E. Richards.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.
Dr. Berkeley's Discovery. By Richard Slee and Cornelia Atwood Pratt.
The Treasure of Mushroom Rock. By Siford F. Hamp.

Waheno, the Magician. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated by Joseph M. Gleeson. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The White King of Manoa. By Joseph Hatton. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

A SOLEMN-LOOKING Irishman entered a business house the other day, and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is dere anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av wu'rk here?"

"I don't know," answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' pfwere is he?" asked the Irishman.

"Up on the second floor," was the answer.

"Shall Oi walk up an' talk t' him?" queried the seeker after employment.

"No need of that," replied the man; "just whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the same time to a speaking tube.

The old Irishman walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it. Mr. Hobart heard the whistle, came to the tube, and inquired:

"What's wanted down there?"

"Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn," answered the Irishman. "Ar' ye th' boss?"

"I am," replied Mr. Hobart.

"Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "stick yer head out av th' second-story windy whole Oi step out on th' sidewalk. Oi want t' talk t' ye."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night, and William Jones' capital had gathered there in his new swell-front mansion the beauty and chivalry of the neighborhood, and bright the flaring gas and sixteen candle-power incandescent electric burners shone over scrumptious women and James dandy men.

The festivities were fully on, and Claude Pnoodles' collar was at its height.

Towering the full length of his ears above the assembled throng, Claude Pnoodles moved through the crowded parlors

with the careless ease and aplomb that mark the habitué of the beau monde. (Sensation.)

Soft music's voluptuous swell, though not in it with the other swells gathered under Mr. William Jones' hospitable slate roof, was doing its best, and there was a simultaneous movement as the orchestra suddenly burst forth with the inspiring strains of—

Not Strauss.

Ah, no!

Sousa.

Strauss fuit.

Sousa est.

Admiring eyes followed Claude Pnoodles and his fair partner as they tripped the light gymnastic hoof over the waxed floor, the envied of all the envious.

Mirth and music reigned.

No premonition of coming disaster disturbed the feast of Terpsichore and flow of frappe, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The music dulled.

"Miss Verdigris," said Claude Pnoodles, five minutes later, bowing before the acknowledged beauty of the blowout, "may I have the honor of the next two-step?"

"I guess so," she replied smiling graciously.

He bowed again, more deeply.

Then there was a sound—an appalling sound!

His heart stood still.

His face turned ghastly pale, but he did not turn otherwise. He backed away, instead, from the presence of Miss Verdigris. Society, in its assembled capacity, opened its ranks to let him out, even as previously it had opened its ranks to let him in, and he faded, faded from view.

His dress coat, rented for the evening, had ripped up the back.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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of mildness"

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Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.



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All women interested in fancy work and embroidery should have this Magazine sent to them regularly. Published in January, April, July and October. Tells how to do fine work, furnishes ideas as well as instructions by experts. Read Mrs. L. Barton Wilson's new department, "Lessons in Embroidery." New subjects for each number. Just what beginners should have.

The July Number treats Renaissance and Battenburg Laces, besides embroidery. Don't miss this number.

The October Number has ideas for Christmas presents, new centerpieces, doilies, tea cloths, bureau and dresser scarfs, clipping, autograph, and book-ends, pin cushions, shopping bags, photo frames and novelties in sofa pillows, rules for child's crocheted silk cap, drawn work and the new Morris embroidery. All profusely illustrated, including handsome colored plates.

Send us 25c., stamps or silver, and we will send you the July and October numbers by return mail, and will send you the January and April (1900) books when they come out. Your money back if you don't like them. All women agree that the Magazine is the best thing of the kind published. Always fresh and up to date. Address

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Drop a postal for booklet, new edition,
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Cures Indigestion
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All Others are Imitations.

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THERE is a handsome young woman in Washington who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated. The young woman, who walks with the aid of crutches, is not in the least sensitive about the matter. One afternoon last week she got into an F Street car, bound for the Hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman, who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her.

"D'y'e mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, rasply.

"Not in the least," responded the young woman, amiably; "I lost it in the battle of Gettysburg."—*Washington Post*.

FAIR LADY,

if you have any doubt as to the value of telephone service in your own house ask the New York Telephone Company, by mail or telephone, for a copy of "A Modern Convert." After reading it you will be another. Perhaps you were not aware that telephone service for a year may now be had in New York for the price of a modest tailor-made gown.

AN Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement, "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was read in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets, and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out:

"Well, yo' honah, ef de whole State o' Iowa is agin this one pore nigger, Ise gwine to give up right now."

—*Argonaut*.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

CHICAGO JUDGE: You testify that your husband was cruel to you. What did he do?

MRS. WEST: Refused to let me wear a *décolleté* costume and my diamond necklace to the circus.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent or transient guests.

"My daughter's music," sighed the mother, "has been a great expense."

"Indeed?" returned the guest; "some neighbor sued you, I suppose?"—*Boston Traveler*.

MAKE this your rule; when you drink a Champagne drink a good one. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is the best.

A MUSICIAN, whose English is not as perfect as his music, while conducting a festival at Littleton, N. H., was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion:

"Ladees und chentlemen, I haf beene esked introdoose to you Meester Vilder to play for you a floot solo; I haf now done so, und he vill now do so."—*Argonaut*.

HOTEL THORNDIKE, BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens.

Has liberal management, modern details in every respect, and fine cooking. European plan.

THE *Mt. Pleasant Wisconsin* thus summarizes the Dewey furore for the benefit of hasty readers:

George Dewey, of the United States, who went to the Philippine Islands on business for the Government, returned last week, after an absence of several months, having enjoyed a very successful trip. His friends and neighbors, learning the time at which the vessel conveying him home was expected to reach the dock, collected in the vicinity of her landing-place, and gave him a hearty reception. After a brief visit to acquaintances in Washington, he will spend the winter at his old home in Vermont.

MRS. NABOR: And so the doctor ordered you to give your husband whiskey for his rheumatism. Does it seem to do him any good?


MRS. NEXDOOR: John says it does him lots of good, but I notice the pains come upon him more frequently than ever. —*Ohio State Journal*.

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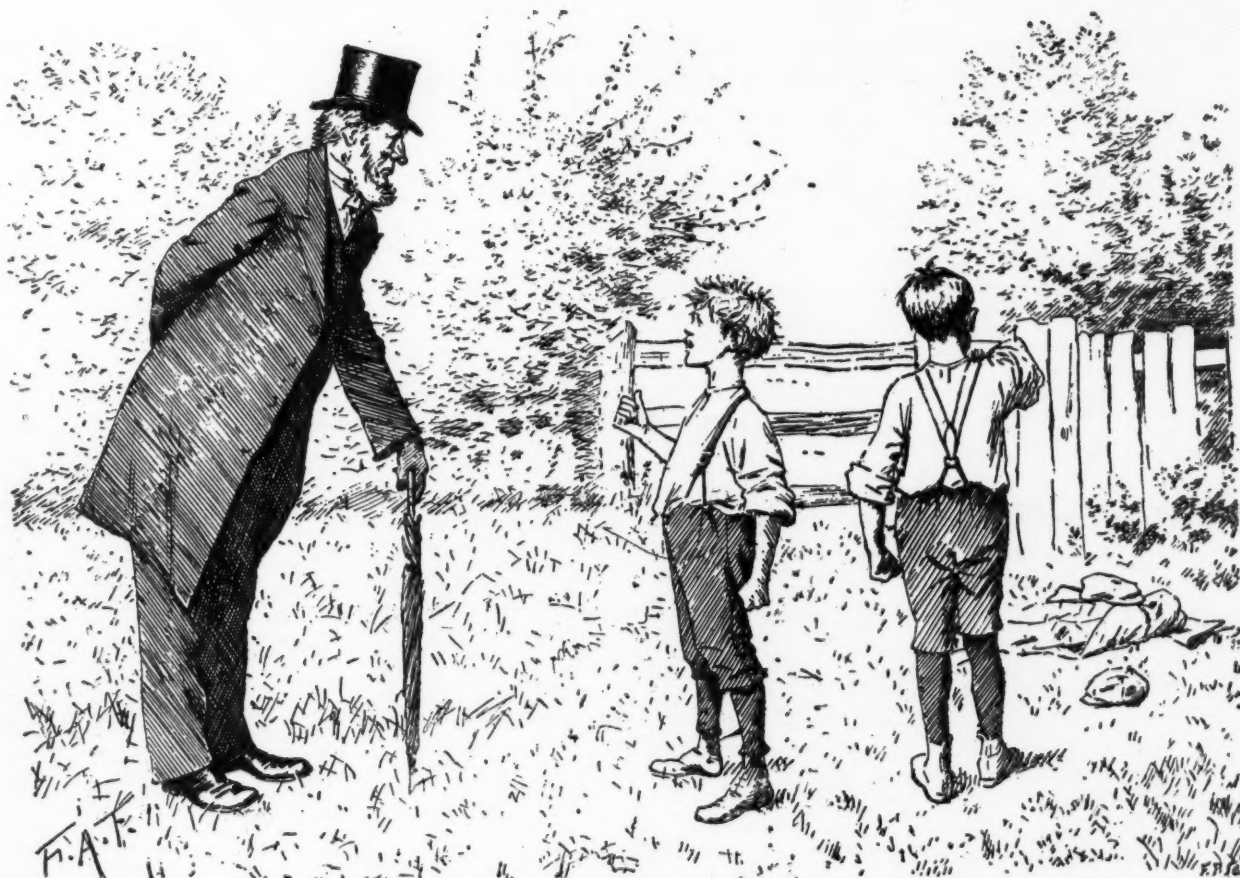
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Jock: Epternune! BIDE YE HERE, AN' YE'LL SEE 'IM KNOCKIT OOT IN twa meenits!—Fun.*

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Extract from an editorial in the Ameri-
can Journal of Health of August 18, 1899
(29th Year), who analyze all popular articles
of food or drink:

"We had occasion recently to examine the Old Crow
Rye Whiskey, bottled by H. B. Kirk & Co., N. Y. City, and
found it to be what it is advertised to be, that is, absolutely
pure, for not a trace of adulteration appeared."

No one connected with the sale of the
goods knew anything of it until in print.

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.

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*The Fireside Friend in Half a Million Homes.
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A few out of the two hundred and more special features of interest planned for the Companion's 1900 volume are the following:

By Major-General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A.,
an article under the title, "Perilous Service in the Philippines," in which he describes some actual experiences of his staff officers in their encounters with the Filipinos.

By John Philip Sousa,
an amusing narrative of the "Experiences of a Bandmaster." The famous "March King" tells many anecdotes, the scene of which is often the White House.

By Andrew Carnegie,
an admirable paper on "The Habit of Thrift." The great manufacturer and philanthropist, who started in life as bobbin-boy in a mill, owes his success to this habit.

By Margaret Deland,
A friendly "talk" about "The Modern Girl's Ambitions" that will help many a girl who stands perplexed between the call of new opportunities and that of old-fashioned home duties.

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